THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 2.

MUNICH is the see of an archbishop who is primate of Bavaria. The cathedral dedicated to our Lady is an edifice displaying much more solidity and solemnity of appearance than beauty of design. It is of vast dimensions, constructed of red brick, and was erected in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Its two towers, crowned by domes, complete the elevation of 337 feet, and are conspicuous objects over a wide circuit of the adjacent country. This church is without transepts, and its aisles are of the same height as its nave. Its style of architecture is a very plain Gothic. Splendid old stained glass still remains in its windows, though much mutilated by time and other accidents. The monument of the Bavarian Emperor Lewis is considered its finest object of art. It has a most imposing effect, being entirely of bronze, and supported on each side by figures of the Bavarian dukes, Albert and William V.; while at its four corners are knights on one knee, in complete armour, all of colossal size, and bearing standards in their hands. But the position of this superb monument is censured by all as very ill-judged, because thereby it quite obstructs the view of the high altar, before which it directly intervenes. The other objects of interest which crowd the church are chiefly remarkable for their quaintness and faded splendour. There are thirty-seven altars. The pictures and statues of all kinds are in profusion; but none of them, as I am aware, are by distinguished hands. The divine offices are constantly being performed each day, from five in the morning till noon. To an English Catholic, coming from the meagre rites and narrow confines of his chapel at home, the scene which presents itself in the great foreign churches is very novel and often perplexing. In them he beholds the most perfect democratic disregard of rank and property, which cause such wide distinctions in the world. But in the house of God it is considered by the spirit and practice of Catholicism, that all men are equal. Hence in France and Belgium, every worshipper on entering the church takes his chair to whatever position suits his devotion or convenience best. In Germany, where fixed benches of stout oak bordered with brass are in fashion, there is equal liberty, all the sittings being free gratuitously to the first comer. Indeed the people in this country do not confine themselves to these appropriate accommodations, but the steps of the altar and floors of the sanctuaries, up to the very feet of the priest, are often covered with the promiscuous mass. The canons' stalls themselves are equally appropriated when no occasion of extra solemnity requires their proper occupants to appear. It may easily be supposed how striking a contrast all this presents to the usual arrangements of our chapels in England, in which the pretensions of conventional precedence have as much regard tendered to them as in any mere worldly assembly. The devotion of the people of Bavaria is very remarkable, nor is there any preponderance of it to be observed on the side of one sex more than another; which cannot be exactly said of the Belgians—certainly not of the French: go at what hour you will to the churches, you are sure to find many confessionals thronged with penitents. But on the Eves of Feasts the concourse is always very great. From three in the afternoon till ten and eleven at night is the usual space of time allotted at the cathedral of this place for such occasions. The confessionals stand against the walls in rows, and are often so as to expose the priest and his penitent to view. The people stand one behind the other on both hands of the priest, who removes first to one side of the confessional and then to the other, as each person in his turn approaches. Every one takes up his place as he arrives soon or late. But if you have occasion to leave it, there are persons always at hand, generally poor women, who will guard it till you return, for a mere trifle. Places are also constantly kept in this way for parties who cannot wait till the arrival of the confessor, and would otherwise be lost to them if they went away. All the Feasts of Obligation are observed by the community exactly as a Sunday. Hence the people enjoy a far greater relaxation from cares and labours than is the case in England. The religious feelings of the people are displayed at their height on the great festivals of the church, and on those especially which are connected more intimately with local or national associations. On such occasions it is difficult for the stranger unaccustomed to the *religious habit*, as it were, of a Catholic people, not to be distracted in the churches. On all sides of him there is a continual movement. Perhaps as many masses are going on as there are altars. Each of these masses has its own knot of hearers crowding and pressing to it. In the mean time probably, the grand service is in process of performance at the high altar. The nave of the church is then densely immoveably thronged. But the aisles are full of confusion from the streams of people pouring in and out continually, as new masses begin and conclude. Whenever a bell announces an elevation as taking place at some altar, not only those who immediately assist at it, but all who are within hearing, at once suspend their proper devotions for the moment, and incline their faces, beating their breasts, in the direction which the bell indicates. Sometimes three or four elevations occur at once, and then numbers of pious souls are to be seen greatly put to it, to pay their adoration at each occasion simultaneously, by a rapid moving of their heads first on this side and then on that. But though at first glance, and with the stiffness of English proprieties about you, you are apt to think there is a great deal of confusion and improper distraction in the scene: yet on closer examination, and when you yourself have become more used to things, and less keenly regretful of the little snugly pewed chapel at home, with its one mass so comfortably heard, by a congregation duly accommodated according to the length of purse and rank of each, you will find a degree of devotion and holy recollection such as only Catholicism in full action can inspire. In the midst of outward hurry and stir, which so annoys you at first, you will see faces as absorbed, countenances as fervent, as the most secluded cell might be imagined

to possess. The passing to and fro is a mere mechanical affair, resulting naturally from the routine of a great church, where the divine offices are ever in course of performance, and whither all alike repair, at all hours and seasons. But you may wander also away from the bustle, and light upon secluded corners, where before some consoling effigy, some simple obscure altar, you will discover individuals perfectly abstracted. Sometimes, perhaps, it will be a young maiden, before our blessed Lady and Child, on whose image she has deposited a garland of fresh flowers, with arms wide extended and motionless, as if herself an image. Or, perhaps, behind some distant pillar, you will find an old grey-haired "chevalier," seated or kneeling, plunged in the deepest reverie.—The blessed sacrament is generally kept in a chapel especially dedicated to it, and distinguished by its lamps and other particular appurtenances. This chapel is before all others frequented, and attracts to itself the most fervently pious, nor is it, during any portion of the day while the church is open, without a crowd of worshippers. The great services on the Sundays and holidays begin much earlier than is the custom in England. The sermons are generally preached between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. At nine o'clock the solemn high mass commences, and is concluded by ten or half-past, according to the ceremonial used. But low masses continue without intermission till half-past twelve at noon. When the services are all concluded, military bands proceed to the different public squares, and perform enlivening airs till half-past one o'clock. The people streaming forth from church, congregate in crowds, at the several localities, and the town presents a scene of the most animated description. The papers allude to the very serious drought at present experienced in England: the case is quite the reverse in Bavaria. During the last fortnight we have had mostly a preponderance of very wet weather, and sunshine is now greatly desired. Never was so uncertain a climate as this. It is impossible to judge what change may take place in two hours' time. No two sunny days occur together, but the third is sure to bring a furious thunder-storm and deluge. We are in hopes, however, that we shall shortly have more permanent fine weather.—*X. Z. July* 3, 1844.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

Methought I saw 'tween walls of deep decay,
Where thro' a mouldering portal look'd the moon,
A solitary Vestal kneel and pray,
Within that aged temple all alone,
With adoration still and pensive grown:
Thus in a tottering world to ruin borne,
The Church doth trim her lamp, and wait the morn.

Tho' worn with watching, and with sadness clad,
Yet oft, as break the joyous stars on high,
She with that Virgin-mother's song is glad,
"Tho' poor am I, Thee will I magnify;
Tho' no sublunar joy, nor hope have I,
Nor pillow of repose, no worldly choice,
Yet I in God my Saviour will rejoice."

She has no voice; but in that Virgin's song
Divinely meditates her holier praise,
Till her aisl'd courts bear the deep notes along
To latest time; each evening stirs the blaze,
Filling her temple with the kindling rays,
And wakes the odorous store, till, far and nigh,
The house is fragrant with her piety.

Holiest of women! whom the Heavenly King
Chose for Himself, in earthly shrine inurn'd;
Happiest of women! for in thee the spring
Of all our woes back to its fount was turn'd,
Most honour'd—cloud wherein light's centre burn'd.

Blessed was she on whose retirement broke
That Angel form, the star-portending morn;
And blessed she, upon whose bosom woke,
And slept, the Eternal Child, the Virgin-born,
Who like a robe the Heaven of Heavens had worn;
But oh, more blessed, Lord, by Thy dear name,
Is he who hears Thy word, and keeps the same.

Nor at thy feet adore we, tho' so bright
Upon thy head the gleams of ages pour;
But with the Church rejoice, whose orient light
Shadowed thee forth in women famed of yore,
With Hannah sung, and Miriam on the shore,
"The Lord Himself hath triumph'd gloriously,
And thrown the horse and rider in the sea."

For how can we in our own selves rejoice;
Our better hope it hath no certain stay,
Our will no steadfastness, and when our choice
Seems firmest set, pride shakes the tower of clay,
Too high for lowly building charity;
Thou on thy Church hast shower'd down Thy love,
And we are rich in her and Thee above.

From the Cathedral.

FRESH AIR.

Man acts very strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive him of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvium from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius, in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is Nature's ever-flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and always is in primest health the year throughout. Three dung-hill fowls, preferring this cherry-tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an over-heated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

In my Religion, I dare entertain
No fancies hatched in mine own weak brain,
Nor private spirits; but am ruled by
The Scriptures, and that Church Authority,
Which with the ancient faith doth best agree;
But new opinions will not down with me.
When I would learn, I never greatly care,
So truth they teach me, who my Teachers were;
In points of faith I look not on the Man;
No Beza, Calvin, and not Luther can
More things, without just proof, persuade me to
Than any honest parish Clerk can do.
The ancient Fathers (where consent I find)
Do make me, without doubting, of their mind;
But where in his opinion any *one*
Of those great Pillars, I shall find alone,
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his time unmoved were)
I shun his doctrine; for, this swayeth me,
"No man alone in points of faith can be."

George Withers.

REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT MONASTIC ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH POTTER, ESQ.

From a Prospectus of a Protestant work preparing for Publication.

It is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon the grandeur of design, and exquisite beauty of detail, exhibited in the structure of those Monastic edifices which we (who, being ourselves "more than sand-blind—high gravel-blind") are, nevertheless, wont to speak of as having been reared in the *Dark Ages*. The Abbeys, even in their ruin, are confessedly the most glorious, as they are assuredly among the saddest sights, which meet the eyes of the traveller, who wanders through what were once the happiest and most flourishing districts of what was then called merry England; but which now are paying the penalty of sacrilege, in a heathenized population, or in a fruitful soil made barren or unwholesome, through the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

Nor were the English Monasteries less remarkable for their number than for their beauty. We are told, on the authority of Camden, that not fewer than seven hundred Religious Houses* fell a prey to that Scourge of God—not to be named without horror and disgust—King Henry the Eighth. Whatever may have been the idleness of the Monks, and the disorders of the Monasteries (and herein we have only the evidence of those who were "foes" prejudging, "determined not to spare") this, at least, may be said for Monastic institutions, that they were schools and seminaries of religious and useful learning—that they were a covert from the storm, and a refuge for the weary in distress—that in them the voice of prayer and praise was never silent—and that, while *they* existed, England knew little of gigantic prisons, and still more gigantic union-houses. *Their* inmates had ears that heard the desire of the Poor. *They* helped the fatherless and poor unto their right, that the man of the earth should be no more exalted against them.

Upon these grounds, if upon no others, the Monastic Remains of England have a claim upon the veneration of every Englishman. They are a witness against us; and (may we not hope it?) even from their ruinous heaps, a future and less worldly generation than our own may draw sources of encouragement, and be incited to emulate the temper of their forefathers.

"Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink and live!"

It seems desirable, therefore, to preserve an accurate record of such Abbeys, whose remains, in spite of desecration and decay, are still in a condition to afford materials of study for the Ecclesiastical Architect, and of contemplation to the earnest-minded Churchman.

* Exclusive of 96 Colleges (besides those in the Universities) 110 Hospitals and 2374 Chantries and Free Chapels.

THE USE OF STIMULANTS.

One of the most remarkable facts in the diet of mankind, is the enormous consumption of tea and coffee. The slightly stimulating and narcotic properties of these substances do not seem sufficient to account for the fact, that upwards of 800,000,000 of pounds of these articles are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world. It has, however, been found, that they contain a certain active principle, which, though small in quantity, is yet supposed to form an important part in the human economy. This principle is called theine in tea, and caffeine in coffee, but they are identical in composition; and what is very remarkable, this same principle has been discovered in the Paraguay tea, a species of holly used for infusion by the natives of South America; and a principle very similar, called the bromine, is found in the nuts from which cocoa and chocolate are prepared. Now, according to Liebig, there is found in the blood a principle called by him taurine, resulting from the destruction of the tissues of the body, and having a composition so closely resembling theine, that the one may be easily converted into the other. Taurine performs an important office in the economy of respiration, and Liebig suggests that the introduction of theine into the system prevents the destruction of the tissues for the purpose of forming taurine; and thus, though not nutritive itself, it becomes indirectly nutritious to the body by saving its tissues from destruction. This theory may or may not be true in all its parts; it at any rate affords an explanation of a singular fact, and has more evidence in favour of its truth than its reasonableness. In these days of tee-totalism and bold assertion with regard to the virtues of cold water, and the injuriousness of all kinds of fermented liquor, it may be interesting to know what the physiological chemist has got to say upon the point. Benjamin Franklin maintained, that a penny loaf and a pint of water had more nutriment than a pint of beer; and, according to chemical analysis, the bread does contain more nitrogenized matter than the beer. But Franklin and the tee-totallers lose sight of the fact, that beer contains alcohol, which is one of the most highly carbonized matters that exist. When fermented liquor is taken, the particles of alcohol get into the blood, and there uniting with oxygen assist in keeping up the heat of the body in the same manner as all other carbonized aliments, and, as it can be introduced into the system with more facility, is frequently much preferable. That such should be the use of alcohol appears reasonable; for although unfortunately some men drink fermented liquors for the purpose of producing a state of intoxication, yet the great mass of the inhabitants of northern climates would hardly have continued to consume them, unless they had something more to recommend them than their agreeable flavour and pleasing effects.—*Athenæum.*

LETTERS FROM THE REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

Author of St. Peter's Complaint and many other popular works, and who was put to a cruel death in the reign of Elizabeth for the profession of the Catholic faith.

No. I.

January 16, 1590.

As yet we are alive and well, being, it seems, unworthy of a prison. We have oftener sent than received letters from your parts, though they are not sent without difficulty; while some, we know, have been lost.

The condition of Catholic recusants here is the same as usual, deplorable, and full of fears and dangers; more especially since our adversaries have looked for wars. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice and are comforted in their prisons: and they that are at liberty set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All, by the great goodness and mercy of God, arm themselves to suffer any thing that can come, how hard soever it may be, as it shall please our Lord, for whose greater glory, and the salvation of their souls, they are more concerned than for any temporal losses.

A little while ago, they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell, as can scarce be believed. What was given them to eat, was so little in quantity, and withal so filthy and nauseous, that the very sight of it was enough to turn their stomachs. The labours, to which they obliged them, were continual and immoderate; and no less in sickness than in health: for, with hard blows and stripes, they forced them to accomplish their tasks, how weak soever they were. Their beds were dirty straw, and their prison most filthy.

Some are there hung up, for whole days, by the hands in such a manner, that they can but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes. In fine, they that are kept in that prison, truly live in *lacu miseriæ et in luto fœcis.* Psalm 39. This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all *in him that strengthens us.* In the mean time we pray, that *they may be put to confusion who work iniquity: and that the Lord may speak peace to his people,* Psalms, 24 and 74: that, as the royal prophet says, *his glory may dwell in our land.* I most humbly recommend myself to the holy sacrifices of your Reverence, and of all our friends.

THE SECOND LETTER,

Given March 8th, 1590.

We have written many letters, but, it seems, few have come to your hands. We sail in the midst of these stormy waves, with no small danger; from which, nevertheless, it has pleased our Lord hitherto to deliver us.

We have altogether, with much comfort, renewed the vows of the society, according to our custom, spending some days in exhortations and spiritual conferences. *Aperuimus ora et attraximus spiritum.* It seems to me that I see the beginnings of a religious life set on foot in England, of which we now sow the seeds with tears, that others hereafter may, with joy, carry in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries.

We have sung the canticle of the Lord in a strange land, and, in this desert, we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But these our joys ended in sorrow, and sudden fears dispersed us into different places: but, in fine, we were more afraid than hurt, for we all escaped. I, with another of ours, seeking to avoid Scylla, had like to have fallen into Charybdis; but, by the mercy of God, we passed betwixt them both, without being shipwrecked, and are now sailing in a safe harbour.

In another of mine, I gave an account of the late martyrdoms of Mr. Bayles and Mr. Horner, and of the edification which the people received from their holy ends. With such dews as these the Church is watered, *ut in stillicidiis hujusmodi lætetur germinans.* Psalm 54. We also look for the time—if we are not unworthy of so great a glory—when our day, like that of the hired servant, shall come. In the mean while, I recommend myself very earnestly to your Reverence's prayers, that the Father of lights may enlighten us, and confirm us with his principal spirit.

No. II.

To the worshipful his very good father, Mr. R. S. his dutiful son, R. S. wisheth all happiness.

In children of former ages it hath been thought so behoveful a point of duty to their parents, in presence by serviceable offices, in absence by other effectual significations, to yield proof of their thankful minds, that neither any child could omit it without touch of ungratefulness, nor the parents forbear it without nice displeasure. But now we are fallen into sore calamity of times, and the violence of heresy hath so crossed this course both of virtue and nature, that these ingrafted laws, never infringed by the most savage and brute creatures, cannot of God's people without peril be observed. I am not of so unnatural a kind, of so wild an education, or so unchristian a spirit, as not to remember the root out of which I branched, or to forget my secondary maker and author of my being. It is not the carelessness of a cold affection, nor the want of a due and reverent respect that has made me such a stranger to my native home, and so backward in defraying the debt of a thankful mind, but only the iniquity of these days, that maketh my presence perilous, and the discharge of my duties an occasion of danger. I was loath to enforce an unwilling courtesy upon any, or, by seeming officious, to become offensive: deeming it better to let time digest the fear that my return into the realm had bred in my kindred, than abruptly to intrude myself, and to purchase their danger, whose good-will I so highly esteem. I never doubted but that the belief, which to all my friends by descent and pedigree is, in a manner, hereditary, framed in them a right persuasion of my present calling, not suffering them to measure their censures of me by the ugly terms and odious epithets wherewith heresy hath sought to discredit my functions, but rather by the reverence of so worthy a sacrament, and the sacred usages of all former ages. Yet, because I might easily perceive by apparent conjectures, that many were more willing to hear of me than from me, and readier to praise than to use my endeavours, I have hitherto bridled my desire to see them by the care and jealousy of their safety; and banishing myself from the scene of my cradle in my own country, I have lived like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which, in my nearest blood, I presumed not to seek. But now, considering that delay may have qualified fear, and knowing my person only to import danger to others, and my persuasion to none but to myself, I thought it high time to utter my sincere and dutiful mind, and to open a vent to my zealous affection, which I have so long smothered and suppressed in silence. For not only the original law of nature written in all children's hearts, and derived from the breast of their mother, is a continual solicitude urging me in your behalf, but the sovereign decree enacted by the Father of heaven, ratified by his Son, and daily repeated by the instinct of the Holy Ghost, bindeth every child in the due of Christianity to tender the state and welfare of his parents, and is a motive that alloweth no excuse, but of necessity presseth to performance of duty. Nature by grace is not abolished, nor destroyed, but perfected; neither are the impressions razed or annulled, but suited to the ends of grace and nature. And if its affections be so forcible, that even in hell, where rancour and despite, and all feelings of

goodness are overwhelmed by malice, they moved the rich glutton, by experience of his own misery, to have compassion of his kindred, how much more in the Church of God, where grace quickeneth, charity inflameth, and nature's good inclinations are abetted by supernatural gifts, ought the like piety to prevail! And who but those more merciless than damned creatures, would see their dearest friends plunged in the like perils, and not be wounded by deep remorse at their lamentable and imminent hazard? If in beholding a mortal enemy wrought and tortured with deadly pains, the strongest heart softeneth with some sorrows; if the most frozen and fierce mind cannot but thaw and melt with pity even when it knows such person to suffer his deserved torments; how much less can the heart of a child consider those that bred him into this world, to be in the fall to far more bitter extremities, and not bleed with grief at their uncomfortable case? Surely, for mine own part, though I challenge not the prerogative of the best disposition, yet I am not of so harsh and churlish a humour, but that it is a continual corrective and cross unto me, that, whereas my endeavours have reclaimed many from the brink of perdition, I have been less able to employ them where they were most due; and was barred from affording to my dearest friends that which hath been eagerly sought and beneficially obtained by mere strangers. Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have, with Esau, after long toil in pursuing a long and painful chace, returned with the full prey you were wont to love; desiring thereby to insure your blessing. I have in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph, prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provision feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be countervailed, and my duty, in some sort, performed. Despise not, good Sire, the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often crouched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the spring, than others in the autumn of their age. God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David to conquer Goliah and to rule his people. Not the most aged person, but Daniel, the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ, at twelve years of age, was found in the temple questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive, that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower: and the scripture teacheth us, that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker; for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings he can perfect his praises. Timothy was young, and yet a principal pastor; St. John, a youth, and yet an apostle; yea, and the angels by appearing in youthful semblance, gave us a proof that many glorious gifts may be shrouded under tender shapes. All this, I say, not to claim any privileges surmounting the rate of usual abilities, but to avoid all touch of presumption in advising my elders; seeing that it hath the warrant of scripture, the testimony of example, and sufficient grounds both in grace and nature. There is a diversity in the degrees of carnal consanguinity; and the pre-eminence appertaineth unto you, as superior over your child: yet if you consider our alliance in the chief portion, I mean the soul, which differenceth man from inferior creatures, we are of equal proximity to our heavenly Father, both descended from the same parent, and with no other distance in our degrees, but that you are the eldest brother. Seeing, therefore, that your superiority is founded on flesh and blood, think it, I pray you, no dishonour to your age, nor disparagement to your person, if, with all humility, I offer my advice unto you. One man cannot be perfect in all qualities, neither is it a disgrace to the goldsmith if he be ignorant of the carpenter's trade; many are *deep* lawyers, and yet small divines; many very clever in feats of body, and curious in external accomplishments, yet little experienced in matters of mind. For these many years I have studied and practised spiritual medicine, acquainting myself with the beating and temper of every pulse, and travailing in the cure of maladies incident to souls. If, therefore, I proffer you the fruit of my long studies, and make you a present of my profession, I hope you will construe it rather as a dutiful part, than as any point of presumption. He may be a father to the soul that is a son to the body, and requite the benefit of his temporal life by reviving his parent from a spiritual death. And to this effect did Christ say, *My mother and brethren are they that do the will of my Father which is in heaven:* upon which words St. Climacus shows on what kindred a Christian ought chiefly to rely. "Let he," he says, "be thy Father, that both can and will disburthen thee of the weight of thy sins." Such a father as this Saint speaketh of, may you have in your own son, to enter your family in the pre-recited affinity; of which happily it was a significant presage, a boding of the future event, that, even from my infancy, you were wont, in merriment, to call me your father: now this is the customary style allotted to my present estate.* Now, therefore, to join issue and to come to the principal drift of my discourse: most humbly and earnestly I am to beseech you, that, both in respect of the honour of God, your duty to his Church, the comfort of your children, and the redress of your own soul, you would seriously consider the terms you stand in, and weigh yourself in a christian balance, taking for your counterpoise the judgments of God. Take heed in time, that the word Thekel, written of old against Balthazar and interpreted by young Daniel, be not verified in you; remember the exposition, "you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting." Remember that you are in the balance, that the date of your pilgrimage is well nigh expired, and that it now behoveth you to look forward to your country. Your strength languisheth, your senses become impaired, and your body droopeth, and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threateneth a fall. Having so many harbingers of death, to pre-admonish you of your end, how can you but prepare for so dreadful a stranger? The young may die quickly, but the old cannot live long. The young man's life by casuality may be abridged, but the old man's life can by no physic be long augmented. And, therefore, if green years must sometimes think of the grave, the thoughts of seer age should continually dwell on the same. The prerogative of infancy is innocency; of childhood, reverence; of manhood maturity, and of age wisdom; and seeing that the chief property of wisdom is to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come, use now the privilege of nature's talent to the benefit of your soul, and strive hereafter to be wise in well-doing, and watchful in foresight of future harms. To serve the world you are now unable, and, though you were able, you have little wish to do so, seeing that it never gave you but an unhappy welcome, a hurtful entertainment, and now doth abandon you with an unfortunate farewell. You have long sowed in a field of flint which could bring you nothing forth but a crop of cares and afflictions of spirit, rewarding your labours with remorse, and for your pains repaying you with eternal damages. It is now more than a seasonable time to alter your course of so unthriving a husbandry, and to enter into the fields of God's Church; in which, sowing the seed of

*Being a Father of the Society of Jesus.

repentant sorrow, and watering it with the tears of humble contrition, you may reap a more beneficial harvest, and gather the fruit of everlasting consolation. Remember, I pray you, that your spring is spent, and your summer overpast; you are now arrived at the fall of the leaf, yea, the winter-colours have already stained your hoary head.

Be not careless, saith St. Augustine, though our loving Lord bear long with offenders; for the longer he stayeth without finding amendment, the sorer will he punish when he cometh to judgment; his patience, in so long expecting, is only to lend us respite to repent, not any way to enlarge our leisure to sin. He that is tossed with variety of storms, and cannot reach his destined port, maketh not much way, but is sore turmoiled; so he that passeth many years and purchaseth little profit, hath had a long being, but a short life: for life is more to be measured by merit than by number of days, seeing that most men by many days do but procure many deaths, while others in short space attain a life of infinite ages. What is the body without the soul, but a mass of corruption; and what the soul without God but a sepulchre of sin? If God be the way, the truth, and the life, he that goeth without him, strayeth; he that liveth without him, dieth; and he that is not taught by him, erreth. Well, saith St. Augustine, that God is our true and chief life, from whom to revolt is to fall, and to return is to rise. Be not you, therefore, of the number of those who begin not to live until they be ready to die, and then after a foe's desert, come to crave of God a friend's entertainment. Some think to share heaven in a moment, which the best scarce attain in the godliness of many years; and when they have glutted themselves with worldly delights, they would fain pass at once from the diet of Dives to the crown of Lazarus, and from the servitude of Satan to the freedom of the Saints. But be you well assured, God is not so penurious of friends as to hold himself and his kingdom for the refuse and reversion of their lives, who have sacrificed the principal thereof to his enemies and their own brutal appetites; then only ceasing to offend, when the ability of offending is taken from them. True it is that a thief may be saved upon the cross and find mercy at the last gasp, but well, saith St. Augustine, that though it be possible, yet is scarce credible, that his death should find favour whose whole life hath deserved wrath; and that his repentance should be accepted, which more through fear of hell and love of himself than love of God, or hatred of sin, crieth for mercy. Wherefore, good Sire, make no longer delay, but being so near the breaking up of your mortal house, take time, before straitened by extremity, to satisfy God's justice. Though you suffered the bud to be blasted, and the flower to fade; though you permitted the fruit to perish, and the leaves to wither away; yea, though you let the boughs decay, and the very trunk corrupt, yet, alas! keep life in the root for fear the whole become fuel for the fire. Death hath already spoiled you of the better part of your natural force, and hath left you now to the last lease of your expiring days; the remainder whereof, as it cannot be long, so doth it warn you speedily to ransom your former losses. What is age but a calendar of death, and what doth your present weakness import, but an earnest of your approaching dissolution? You are now embarked on your final voyage, and not far off from the stinted period of your course, therefore, be not dispurveyed of such proper provisions as are behoveful in so perplexed and perilous a journey. Death in itself is very fearful, but much more terrible in regard of the judgment that it summoneth us unto. If you were stretched on your departing bed, burthened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting of a festered conscience; if you felt the hand of Death grasping your heart-strings, and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul; if you lay panting for breath and bathed in a cold and fatal sweat, wearied with struggling against the pangs of death, oh, how much would you give for one hour for repentance, at what a rate would you value one day's contrition! Worlds would then be worthless in respect of a little respite; a short time would seem more precious than the treasures of empires. Nothing would be so much esteemed as a moment of time, which is now by months and years so lavishly mispent. Oh! how deeply would it wound your heart, when looking back into yourself, you consider many faults committed and not confessed, many good works omitted or not recovered, your service to God promised but never performed. How intolerable will be your case! your friends are fled, your servants frightened, your thoughts amazed, your memory distracted, your whole mind aghast and unable to perform what it would, only your guilty conscience will continually upbraid you with most bitter accusations. What will be your thoughts, when, stripped of your mortal body, and turned both out of the service and house-room of this world, you are forced to enter into uncouth and strange paths, and with unknown and ugly company to be carried before a most severe judge, carrying in your own conscience your judgment written, and a perfect register of all your misdeeds; when you shall see *him* prepared to pass the sentence upon you, against whom you have transgressed; he is to be the umpire, whom by so many offences you have made your enemy; when not only the devils, but even the angels will plead against you, and yourself, in spite of your will, be your own sharpest impeacher. What would you do in these dreadful exigencies, when you saw the ghastly dungeon and huge gulf of hell breaking out with most fearful flames? when you heard the weeping and gnashing of teeth, the rage of those hellish monsters, the horror of the place, the rigour of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of the punishments? Would you then think them wise that would delay in such weighty matters, and idly play away a time allotted to prevent such intolerable calamities? Would you, then, account it secure to nurse in your bosom a brood of serpents, or suffer your soul to entertain so many accusers? Would not you, then, think a whole life too little to do penance for so many iniquities? Why, then, do you not, at least, devote the small remnant and surplus of these your latter days in seeking to make an atonement with God, and in freeing your conscience from the corruption that, by your treason and fall, has crept into it; whose very eyes that read this discourse, and very understanding that conceiveth it, shall be cited as certain witnesses of what I describe. Your soul will then experience the most terrible fears, if you do not recover yourself into the fold and family of God's Church. What have you gained by being so long enslaved to the world? What interest have you reaped that can equal your detriment in grace and virtue? You cannot be now inveigled with the passions of youth to make a partial estimate of things, and set no difference between counterfeit and current, for they are now either worn out by the touch of time, or falling into reproof by the trial of their own folly. It cannot be fear that leadeth you amiss, seeing it were so unfitting a thing that any craven cowardice of flesh and blood should daunt the prowess of an intelligent man, who, by his wisdom, cannot but discern how much more cause there is to fear God than man, and to stand in more awe of perpetual than of temporal penalties. An ungrounded presumption on the mercy of God, and the hope of his assistance at the last plunge—the ordinary device of the devil—is too palpable a collusion to mislead a sound and sensible man. Who would trust eternal affairs upon the gliding slipperiness and shifting current of an uncertain life? or who, but one of distempered mind, would attempt to cheat the Decipherer of all thoughts, with whom we may dissemble, but whom to deceive is impossible? Shall we esteem it cunning to rob the time from him and bestow it on his enemies, who keepeth account of the last moment of life, and will examine in the end how that moment hath been employed? It is a preposterous

policy to attempt to fight againgst God. It were a strange piece of art, and a device of exorbitant folly, while the ship is sound, the pilot well, the sailors strong, the gale favourable, to lie idle in the roads; yet when the ship leaked, the pilot lay sick, the mariners faint, the storm boisterous, and the sea in a tumult of outrageous surges, then to launch forth, to hoist up sail, and to set out for a voyage into far countries: yet such is the skill of those cunning repenters, whose thoughts in soundness of health, and in the perfect use of reason, cannot resolve to cut the cables and weigh the anchors that withhold them from God. Nevertheless they feed themselves with a fond presumption that, when their senses are astounded, their minds distracted, their understanding confused, and both their body and mind racked and tormented with the throbs of a mortal sickness, that then, forsooth, they will think of the weightiest matters, and become sudden saints, when they are scarce able to behave themselves like reasonable creatures. If neither the canon civil, nor common law alloweth a man, punished in judgment, to make any testament or bequest of his temporal substance, being then presumed to be less than a man; how can he that is distracted with an unsettled conscience, distrained with the fits of his dying flesh, and maimed in all his faculties, be thought of such due discretion as to dispose of his chiefest inheritance, the treasure of his soul, and the concerns of a whole eternity in so short and stormy a moment? No, no: they that will loiter in the seed time, and only begin to sow when others reap; they that will riot out their health, and cast their accounts when they can scarcely speak; they that will slumber out the day, and enter on their journey when the light faileth them, let them blame their own folly if they die in debt, and fall headlong into the lapse of endless perdition.

O, dear Sire, remember that the scripture terms it a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who is able to crush the proud spirit of the obstinate, and to make his enemies the footstool of his feet! Wrestle no longer against the struggles of your own conscience, and the forcible admonitions that God doth send you. Embrace his mercy before the time of rigour, and return to his Church, lest he debar you his kingdom. He cannot have God for his father that refuseth to possess the Catholic Church for his mother; neither can he attain to the Church triumphant in heaven, who is not a member of the Church militant upon earth. You have been, alas! too long an alien in the tabernacles of sinners, and strayed too far from the folds of God's Church. Turn now the bias of your heart towards the sanctuary of salvation and the city of refuge, seeking the recovery of your wandering steps from the paths of error. Return with a swift force, and hasten with jealous progress to Christian perfection; redeeming the time because the days are evil. The full of your spring-tide is now fallen, and the stream of your life waneth to a low ebb; your tired bark beginneth to leak, and grateth oft upon the gravel of the grave; therefore it is high time for you to strike sail and put into harbour, lest, remaining in the scope of the winds and waves of this wicked time, some unexpected gust should dash you upon the rock of eternal ruin. Tender the pitiful state of your poor soul, and henceforth be more fearful of hell than of persecution, and more eager of heaven than of worldly repose. Had the pen that wrote this letter been dipped in the wounds of the Saviour, and his precious blood been used instead of ink; had one of the highest seraphims come in the most solemn embassy to deliver it unto you, do you not think that it would have strained your heart, and wrought upon your mind to fulfil the contents, and alter your course according to the tenor thereof? Doubtless you will not deny it. Then, good Sire, let it now take the same effect, seeing the difference has been in the ceremonies and not in the substance; and that very God, who should then have invited you to your correction, saith of such as I am, though most unworthy, *He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me!* I exhort you, therefore, as the vicegerent of God, and I humbly request you, as a dutiful child, that you would surrender your assent, and yield your soul a happy captive to God's merciful inspirations, proceeding from an infinite love, and tending to your assured good. I have expressed not only my own, but the earnest desire of your other children, whose humble wishes are here written with my pen. For it is a general grief that filleth all our hearts, whom it hath pleased God to shroud under his merciful wing, to see our dearest father, to whom both nature hath bound and your merits fastened our affection, dismembered from the body to which we are united, to lie in hazard of a farther and more grievous separation. O, good Sire, shall so many of your branches enjoy the quickening sap of God's Church, and, shooting up higher towards heaven, bring forth the flowers and fruits of salvation; and you, that are the root of us, lie barren and fruitless? Shall the beams be bright, and the sun eclipsed? Shall the brooks be clear, and the head-spring troubled? Your lot hath no such affinity with the nature of a phœnix that you should reap your offspring from your own ruins; you are not so tied in the straits of the pelican as to revive your issue by murdering yourself; neither we a generation of vipers that cannot come to life but by our parent's destruction. Yea rather, it is the thing we have chiefly in request, that we may be as near linked in spiritual, as we are in natural consanguinity; and that, living with you in the compass of our Church, we may, to our unspeakable comfort, enjoy in heaven your most desired company. Blame me not, good father, if zeal of your recovery has carried me beyond the limits of a letter. So important a truth cannot be too much avowed, nor too many means used to draw a soul out of the misery of schism. Howsoever, therefore, the soft gales of your morning pleasures lulled you in slumbers; howsoever the violent heat of noon might awake affections, yet now in the cool and calm of the evening retire to a Christian rest, and close up the day of your life with a clear sun-set; that leaving all darkness behind you, and carrying in your conscience the light of grace, you may escape the horror of eternal night, and pass from the day of mortality to the Sabbath of everlasting rest: and humbly desiring that my sincere affection may find excuse of my boldness, I here conclude.

III.

Letter written to his Brother.

UNDERSTANDING that you were resolved upon a course which most nearly toucheth the salvation of your soul, I received such contentment as a sincere and most faithful love feeleth in the long-desired happiness of so dear a friend. But hearing since, that you will dwell in danger and linger in new delays, my hopes hang in suspense, and my heart in grief, angry with the chains that thus enthral you, and sorry to see you captive to your own fears. Shrine not any longer a dead soul in a living body: bail reason out of senses' prison, that after so long a bondage in sin, you may enjoy your former liberty in God's Church, and free your thought from the servile awe of uncertain perils. If all should take effect, that your timorous surmises suggest, yet could not even the misery of your present estate, with the loss of your patronage, and keeping you in this disfavour of God, have either left you any greater benefit to lose, or any deeper infelicity to incur. Weigh with yourself at how easy a price you rate God, whom you are content to sell for the use of your substance, yea, and for the preventing a loss which haply will never ensue. Have you so little need of him, that you can so long forbear him? or is he so worthless in your estimation that you will venture nothing for him? Adjourn not, I pray you, a matter of such importance. Remember that one sin begetteth another, and when you yield to nurse daily this venomous brood in your breast, what can you look for, but

that like vipers, they should compass your destruction. Custom soon groweth to a second nature, and being once master of the mind, it can hardly be cast out of possession. If to-day you find yourself faint, fainter you are like to be to-morrow, if you languish in the same distaste without cure, and suffer the corrosive of sin to consume you without opposing its violence. How can you flatter yourself with an ungrounded hope of mercy, since to continue in it so long, is the surest way to stop the fountain of it for ever? The more you offend God, the less you deserve his favour; and to be deaf when he calleth you, is to close his ears against all cries in the time of your necessity. If you mean to surrender your heart to him, why do you lend so much leisure to the devil to strengthen his hold; and why stop up the passages with mire by which the pure waters of grace must flow into your soul? Look if you can upon a crucifix without blushing; do but count the five wounds of Christ once over without a bleeding conscience. Read your sins in those characters, and examine your thoughts whether the sight do please them. Alas! if that innocent blood move you not, or if you can find still in your heart to open afresh such undeserved wounds, I would I might send you the sacrifice of my dearest veins, to try whether nature could awake remorse, and prepare a way for grace's entrance. Sorrow puts me to silence, and therefore, Brother, I must end, desiring you to have pity on yourself, whose harms make so bitter an impression on Ager's mind. God of his infinite goodness strengthen you in all your good designments.

FROM "ST. PETER'S COMPLAINT."

CHRIST, health of fevered soul, heaven of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loves,
Guide to the wandering-foot, light to the blind,
Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moves,
Father in care, mother in tender heart,
Receive and save me, slain with sinful dart.

If King Manasses, sunk in depth of sin,
With plaints and tears recovered grace and crown;
A worthless worm some mild regard may win,
And lowly creep, where flying threw him down.
A poor desire I have to mend my ill,
I should, I would, I dare not say I will.

I dare not say I will, but wish I may;
My pride is check'd, high words the speaker spilt.
My good, O Lord, Thy gift; Thy strength my stay,
Give what thou bid'st and then bid what Thou wilt;
Work with me what Thou of me dost request,
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

R. Southwell.

A Rabbinical Tradition.—There is a rabbinical tradition related by Fabricius, that, when Noah planted the vine, Satan attended, and sacrificed a sheep, a lion, an ape, and a sow. These animals were to symbolise the gradations of ebriety. When a man begins to drink, he is meek and ignorant as the lamb, then becomes bold as the lion, his courage is soon transformed into the foolishness of the ape, and at last he wallows in the mire like the sow.—*Warton's Gesta Romanorum.*

Yorkshire Jurors.—"I remember," says Lord Eldon, in the Anecdote Book, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York; and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, 'there are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he is gone away about some business; but *he has left his verdict with me.*'"

SINGULAR LETTER OF A YEOMAN'S WIFE TEMP. HENRY VIII.

A LETTER, of which the following is a copy, was found some time ago amongst several ancient town records, in the belfry of St. Augustine's Church, at Hedon, Holderness; no date is affixed; it is written on paper, and must, from its style, be at least as ancient as the reign of Henry VIII. It furnishes another proof that in all ages there have been improvident husbands, gently upbraiding wives, bailiffs, distresses for rent, and alas! want of "scherts" for "chylldren." It also teaches us that "good times, and bad times, and all times get over." The subjects of this letter sleep with their fathers; even their tomb-stones have probably long since crumbled into dust; and but for this frail memorial the names, wants, and woes of Gerard Urslett, "Ros," his "wyff," and their "chylldren," would, like those of thousands of their fellow-mortals, be buried in oblivion:—"Right well-beloved husband and bed-fellow: In the best manner that I can, I heartily commend me unto you, marvelling greatly that ye would neither come to me, nor yet send to me, seeing that I and your children was so marvellously taken, and is not yet well amended; and if that ye do not come, or else send me something to live with, I shall surely come to you so soon as ever my children [are] able to carry, either one or both; and also ye shall wyt, that the bailiffs has been at me three or four times, for their farm, and they have strained for it, and it must needs be paid shortly, or else it will be more, and I think it were most meet that ye should come and see for all such things yourself, and also I desire you that ye would provide in some place for me whereas it please you, for I will not be no longer after this manner, nor that I will not tarry where I am not long; and also I desire you to provide me a stone of wool or two, to make me and your children clothes upon, for we have need thereof, as knows He who keeps you; and thus fare ye well, but if ye have any broken shirts, I pray you to send me them, to make the children shirts on.—By your wife and bed-fellow, ROSE URSLETT.—To my well-beloved husband and bed-fellow, Gerard Urslett, at Holme and Spaldingmore. Deliver this with speed."

FASHION AND ITS ABSURDITIES.

It is true that a fashion always becomes more fashionable as it becomes more ridiculous. People cling to it as they pet a monkey, for its deformity. The high head-dresses of France, which must have been a burden, made the tour of Europe, and endured through a century. The high heels, which almost wholly precluded safe walking, lasted their century. The use of powder was universal until it was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision for 50,000 people. Snuff has been universally in use from the seventeenth century; and the sum spent on this filthy and foolish indulgence, the time wasted on it, and the injury done to health, if they could have been thrown into the common form of money, would have paid the national debt of England. The common people have their full share in this general absurdity. The gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly twenty millions of pounds sterling; a sum which would pay all the poor rates three times over, and, turned to any public purpose, might cover the land with great institutions—the principal result of this enormous expenditure now being to fill the population with vice, misery, and madness.—*Blackwood.*

THE WOOING OF MASTER FOX,

OR,

IT IS GOOD TO BE HONEST AND TRUE,

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

You are aware, that in the time of which I am about to speak, there was no particular enmity between the various species of brutes; the dog and the hare chatted very agreeably together, and all the world knows that the wolf, unacquainted with mutton, had a particular affection for the lamb. In these happy days, two most respectable cats, of very old family, had an only daughter; never was kitten more amiable, or more seducing; as she grew up she manifested so many charms, that she in a little while became noted as the greatest beauty in the neighbourhood; need I to you describe her perfections. Suffice it to say that her skin was of the most delicate tortoise-shell, that her paws were smoother than velvet, that her whiskers were twelve inches long at the least, and that her eyes had a gentleness altogether astonishing in a cat. But if the young beauty had suitors in plenty during the lives of Monsieur and Madame, you may suppose the number was not diminished, when, at the age of two years and a half, she was left an orphan, and sole heiress to all the hereditary property. In fine, she was the richest marriage in the whole country. Without troubling you, dearest Queen, with the adventures of the rest of her lovers, with their suit, and their rejection, I come at once to the two rivals most sanguine of success;—the Dog and the Fox.

Now the Dog was a handsome, honest, straightforward, affectionate fellow; "For my part," said he, "I don't wonder at my cousin's refusing Bruin the bear, and Gauntgrim the wolf; to be sure they give themselves great airs, and call themselves '*noble*,' but what then? Bruin is always in the sulks, and Gauntgrim always in a passion; a cat of any sensibility would lead a miserable life with them: as for me, I am very good tempered when I'm not put out; and I have no fault except that of being angry if disturbed at my meals. I am young and good-looking, fond of play and amusement, and altogether as agreeable a husband as a cat could find in a summer's day. If she marries me, well and good; she may have her property settled on herself—if not, I shall bear her no malice; and I hope I shan't be too much in love to forget that there are other cats in the world."

With that the Dog threw his tail over his back, and set off to his mistress with a gay face upon the matter.

Now the Fox heard the Dog talking thus to himself—for the Fox was always peeping about, in holes and corners, and he burst out a-laughing when the Dog was out of sight.

"Ho, ho, my fine fellow," said he, "not so fast, if you please; you've got the Fox for a rival, let me tell you."

The Fox, as you very well know, is a beast that can never do any thing without a manœuvre; and as, from his cunning, he was generally very lucky in any thing he undertook, he did not doubt for a moment that he should put the Dog's nose out of joint. Reynard was aware that in love one should always, if possible, be the first in the field, and he therefore resolved to get the start of the Dog and arrive before him at the Cat's residence. But this was no easy matter; for though Reynard could run faster than the Dog for a little way, he was no match for him in a journey of some distance. "However," said Reynard, "those good-natured creatures are never very wise; and I think I know already what will make him bait on his way."

With that, the Fox trotted pretty fast by a short cut in the woods, and getting before the Dog, laid himself down by a hole in the earth and began to howl most piteously.

The Dog, hearing the noise, was very much alarmed; "See now," said he, "if the poor Fox has not got himself into some scrape. Those cunning creatures are always in mischief; thank heaven, it never comes into my head to be cunning." And the good-natured animal ran off as hard as he could to see what was the matter with the Fox.

"Oh dear!" cried Reynard; "what shall I do, what shall I do! my poor little sister has gotten into this hole, and I can't get her out—she'll certainly be smothered." And the Fox burst out a-howling more piteously than before.

"But my dear Reynard," quoth the Dog very simply, "why don't you go in after your sister?"

"Ah, you may well ask that," said the Fox; "but, in trying to get in, don't you perceive that I have sprained my back, and can't stir; oh dear! what shall I do if my poor little sister gets smothered."

"Pray don't vex yourself," said the Dog; "I'll get her out in an instant;" and with that he forced himself with great difficulty into the hole.

Now no sooner did the Fox see that the Dog was fairly in, than he rolled a great stone to the mouth of the hole, and fitted it so tight, that the Dog not being able to turn round and scratch against it with his fore-paws, was made a close prisoner.

"Ha, ha," cried Reynard laughing outside; "amuse yourself with my poor little sister, while I go and make your compliments to Mademoiselle the Cat."

With that Reynard set off at an easy pace, never troubling his head what became of the poor Dog. When he arrived in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Cat's mansion, he resolved to pay a visit to a friend of his, an old Magpie that lived in a tree, and was well acquainted with all the news of the place. "For," thought Reynard, "I may as well know the weak side of my mistress that is to be, and get round it at once."

The magpie received the Fox with great cordiality, and inquired what brought him so great a distance from home.

"Upon my word," said the Fox, "nothing so much as the pleasure of seeing your ladyship, and hearing those agreeable anecdotes you tell with so charming a grace; but, to let you into a secret—be sure it don't go farther"——

"On the word of a Magpie," interrupted the bird.

"Pardon me for doubting you," continued the Fox; "I should have recollected that a Pie was a proverb for discretion; but, as I was saying, you know her majesty the Lioness."

"Surely," said the Magpie bridling.

"Well; she was pleased to fall in—that is to say—to—to—take a caprice to your humble servant, and the Lion grew so jealous that I thought it prudent to decamp; a jealous Lion is no joke, let me assure your ladyship. But mum's the word."

So great a piece of news delighted the Magpie. She could not but repay it in kind, by all the news in her budget. She told the Fox all the scandal about Bruin and Gauntgrim, and she then fell to work on the poor young Cat. She did not spare her foibles, you may be quite sure. The Fox listened with great attention, and he learnt enough to convince him, that however the Magpie exaggerated, the Cat was very susceptible to flattery, and had a great deal of imagination.

When the Magpie had finished, she said, "But it must be very unfortunate for you to be banished from so magnificent a court as that of the Lion."

"As to that," answered the Fox, "I consoled myself for my exile, with a present his majesty made me on parting, as a reward for my anxiety for his honour and domestic tranquil-

lity; namely, three hairs from the fifth leg of the Amoronthologosphorus. Only think of that, Ma'am."

"The what!" cried the Pie, cocking down her left ear.

"The Amoronthologosphorus."

"La!" said the Magpie, "and what is that very long word, my dear Reynard."

"The Amoronthologosphorus is a beast that lives on the other side of the river Cylinx, it has five legs, and on the fifth leg there are three hairs, and whoever has those three hairs, can be young and beautiful for ever."

"Bless me: I wish you would let me see them," said the Pie, holding out her claw.

"Would that I could oblige you, Ma'am, but it's as much as my life's worth to show them to any but the lady I marry. In fact, they only have an effect on the fair sex, as you may see by myself, whose poor person they utterly fail to improve; they are, therefore, intended for a marriage present, and his majesty, the Lion, thus generously atoned to me for relinquishing the tenderness of his queen. One must confess that there was a great deal of delicacy in the gift. But you'll be sure not to mention it."

"A Magpie gossip, indeed!" quoth the old blab.

"The Fox then wished the Magpie good night, and retired to a hole to sleep off the fatigues of the day, before he presented himself to the beautiful young Cat.

The next morning, heaven knows how, it was all over the place, that Reynard the Fox had been banished from court for the favour shown him by her majesty, and that the Lion had bribed his departure with three hairs that would make any lady, whom the Fox married, young and beautiful for ever.

The Cat was the first to learn the news, and she became all curiosity to see so interesting a stranger, possessed of "qualifications" which, in the language of the day, "would render any animal happy!" She was not long without obtaining her wish. As she was taking a walk in the wood the Fox contrived to encounter her. You may be sure that he made her his best bow; and he flattered the poor maid with so courtly an air that she saw nothing surprising in the love of the Lioness.

Meanwhile let us see what became of his rival, the Dog.

Ah, the poor creature! said Nymphalin; it is easy to guess that he need not be buried alive to lose all chance of marrying the heiress.

Wait till the end, answered Fayzenheim. When the Dog found that he was thus entrapped, he gave himself up for lost. In vain he kicked with his hind-legs against the stone, he only succeeded in bruising his paws, and at length he was forced to lie down, with his tongue out of his mouth, and quite exhausted. "However," said he, after he had taken breath, "it won't do to be starved here, without doing my best to escape; and if I can't get out one way, let me see if there is not a hole at the other end;" thus saying, his courage, which stood him in lieu of cunning, returned, and he proceeded on with the same straight-forward way in which he always conducted himself. At first the path was exceedingly narrow, and he hurt his sides very much against the rough stones that projected from the earth. But by degrees the way became broader, and he now went on with considerable ease to himself, till he arrived in a large cavern, where he saw an immense Griffin sitting on his tail, and smoking a huge pipe.

The Dog was by no means pleased at meeting so suddenly a creature that had only to open his mouth to swallow him up at a morsel; however he put a bold face on the danger, and walking respectfully up to the Griffin, said, "Sir, I should be very much obliged to you if you would inform me the way out of these holes into the upper world."

The Griffin took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at the Dog very sternly.

"Ho! wretch," said he, "how comest thou hither? I suppose thou wantest to steal my treasure; but I know how to treat such vagabonds as you, and I shall certainly eat you up."

"You can do that if you choose," said the Dog, "but it would be very unhandsome conduct in an animal so much bigger than myself. For my own part, I never attack any dog that is not of equal size. I should be ashamed of myself if I did; and as to your treasure, the character I bear for honesty is too well known to merit such a suspicion."

"Upon my word," said the Griffin, who could not help smiling for the life of him, "you have a singularly free mode of expressing yourself;—and how, I say, came you hither?"

Then the Dog, who did not know what a lie was, told the Griffin his whole history, how he had set off to pay his court to the Cat, and how Reynard the Fox had entrapped him into the hole.

When he had finished, the Griffin said to him, "I see, my friend, that you know how to speak the truth; I am in want of just such a servant as you will make me, therefore stay with me and keep watch over my treasure when I sleep."

"Two words to that," said the Dog. "You have hurt my feelings very much by suspecting my honesty, and I would much sooner go back into the wood and be avenged on that scoundrel the Fox, than serve a master who has so ill an opinion of me; even if he gave me to keep, much less to take care of, all the treasures in the world. I pray you, therefore, to dismiss me, and to put me in the right way to my cousin the Cat."

"I am not a Griffin of many words," answered the master of the cavern, "and I give you your choice—be my servant, or be my breakfast; it is just the same to me. I give you time to decide till I have smoked out my pipe."

The poor Dog did not take so long to consider. "It is true," thought he, "that it is a great misfortune to live in a cave with a Griffin of so unpleasant a countenance; but, probably, if I serve him well and faithfully, he'll take pity on me some day, and let me go back to earth, and prove to my cousin what a rogue the Fox is; and as to the rest, though I would sell my life as dear as I could, it is impossible to fight a Griffin with a mouth of so monstrous a size;"—in short, he decided to stay with the Griffin.

"Shake a paw on it," quoth the grim smoker; and the Dog shook paws.

"And now," said the Griffin, "I will tell you what you are to do—look here; and, moving his tail, he showed the Dog a great heap of gold and silver, in a hole in the ground, that he had covered with the folds of his tail; and, also, what the Dog thought more valuable, a great heap of bones of very tempting appearance.

"Now," said the Griffin, "during the day, I can take very good care of these myself; but at night it is very necessary that I should go to sleep; so when I sleep, you must watch over them instead of me."

"Very well," said the Dog; "as to the gold and silver I have no objection; but I would much rather you would lock up the bones, for I'm often hungry of a night, and—"

"Hold your tongue," said the Griffin.

"But, Sir," said the Dog, after a short silence, "surely nobody ever comes into so retired a situation. Who are the thieves, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Know," answered the Griffin, "that there are a great many serpents in this neighbourhood, and they are always trying to steal my treasure; and, if they catch me napping, they, not contented with theft, would do their best to sting me to death. So that I am almost worn out for want of sleep."

"Ah!" quoth the Dog, who was fond of a good night's rest, "I don't envy you your treasure, Sir."

At night, the Griffin, who had a great deal of penetration, and saw that he might depend on the Dog, laid down to sleep

in another corner of the cave; and the Dog, shaking himself well, so as to be quite awake, took watch over the treasure. His mouth watered exceedingly at the bones, and he could not help smelling them now and then; but he said to himself,—"A bargain's a bargain, and since I have promised to serve the Griffin, I must serve him as an honest Dog ought to serve."

In the middle of the night, he saw a great snake creeping in by the side of the cave, but the Dog set up so loud a bark, that the Griffin awoke, and the snake crept away as fast as he could. Then the Griffin was very much pleased, and he gave the Dog one of the bones to amuse himself with; and every night the Dog watched the treasure, and acquitted himself so well, that not a snake, at last, dared to make its appearance;—so the Griffin enjoyed an excellent night's rest.

The Dog now found himself much more comfortable than he expected. The Griffin regularly gave him one of the bones for supper; and pleased with his fidelity, made himself as agreeable a master as a Griffin could do. Still, however, the Dog was secretly very anxious to return to earth; for having nothing to do during the day, but to doze on the ground, he dreamt perpetually of his cousin the Cat's charms; and, in fancy, he gave the rascal Reynard as hearty a worry as a Fox may well have the honour of receiving from a Dog's paws. He awoke panting—alas! he could not realise his dreams.

One night, as he was watching as usual over the treasure, he was greatly surprised to see a beautiful little black and white dog enter the cave; and it came fawning to our honest friend, wagging its tail with pleasure.

"Ah! little one," said our Dog, whom, to distinguish, I will call the Watch-Dog, "you had better make the best of your way back again. See, there is a great Griffin asleep in the other corner of the cave, and if he wakes, he will either eat you up, or make you his servant as he has made me."

"I know what you would tell me," says the little Dog; "and I have come down here to deliver you. The stone is now gone from the mouth of the cave, and you have nothing to do but to go back with me. Come, brother, come."

The Dog was very much excited by this address. "Don't ask me, my dear little friend," said he, "you must be aware that I should be too happy to escape out of this cold cave, and roll on the soft turf once more; but if I leave my master, the Griffin, those cursed serpents, who are always on the watch, will come in and steal his treasure—nay, perhaps, sting him to death." Then the little Dog came up to the watch-Dog, and remonstrated with him greatly, and licked him caressingly on both sides of his face; and, taking him by the ear, endeavoured to draw him from the treasure, but the Dog would not stir a step, though his heart sorely pressed him. At length the little Dog, finding it all in vain, said, "Well then, if I must leave, good-bye; but I have become so hungry in coming down all this way after you, that I wish you would give me one of those bones; they smell very pleasantly, and one out of so many could never be missed."

"Alas," said the Watch-Dog, with tears in his eyes, "how unlucky I am to have eat up the bone my master gave me, otherwise you should have had it and welcome. But I can't give you one of these, because my master has made me promise to watch over them all, and I have given him my paw on it. I am sure a dog of your respectable appearance will say nothing farther on the subject."

Then the little Dog answered pettishly, "Pooh, what nonsense you talk; surely a great Griffin can't miss a little bone, fit for me;" and nestling his nose under the Watch-Dog, he tried forthwith to bring up one of the bones.

On this the Watch-Dog grew angry, and, though with much reluctance, he seized the little Dog by the nape of the neck and threw him off, though without hurting him. Suddenly the little Dog changed into a monstrous serpent, bigger even than the Griffin himself, and the watch-Dog barked with all his might. The Griffin rose in a great hurry, and the Serpent sprang upon him ere he was well awake. I wish, dearest Nymphalin, you could have seen the battle between the Griffin and the Serpent, how they coiled and twisted, and bit and darted their fiery tongues at each other. At length, the Serpent got uppermost, and was about to plunge his tongue into that part of the Griffin which is unprotected by his scales, when the Dog, seizing him by the tail, bit him so sharply, that he could not help turning round to kill his new assailant, and the Griffin, taking advantage of the opportunity, caught the Serpent by the throat with both claws, and fairly strangled him. As soon as the Griffin had recovered from the nervousness of the conflict, he heaped all manner of caresses on the Dog for saving his life. The Dog told him the whole story, and the Griffin then explained, that the dead snake was the King of the Serpents, who had the power to change himself into any shape he pleased. "If he had tempted you," said he "to leave the treasure but for one moment, or to have given him any part of it, ay, but a single bone, he would have crushed you in an instant, and stung me to death ere I could have waked; but none, no not the most venomous thing in creation, has power to hurt the honest!"

"That has always been my belief," answered the Dog; "and now, Sir, you had better go to sleep again, and leave the rest to me."

"Nay," answered the Griffin, "I have no longer need of a servant, for now that the King of the Serpents is dead, the rest will never molest me. It was only to satisfy his avarice that his subjects dared to brave the den of the Griffin."

Upon hearing this the Dog was exceedingly delighted; and raising himself on his hind-paws, he begged the Griffin most movingly to let him return to earth, to visit his mistress, the Cat, and worry his rival, the Fox.

"You do not serve an ungrateful master," answered the Griffin. "You shall return, and I will teach you all the craft of our race, which is much craftier than the race of that pettifogger the Fox, so that you may be able to cope with your rival."

"Ah, excuse me," said the Dog, hastily, "I am equally obliged to you; but I fancy honesty is a match for cunning any day; and I think myself a great deal safer in being a dog of honour than if I knew all the tricks in the world."

"Well," said the Griffin, a little piqued at the Dog's bluntness, "do as you please; I wish you all possible success."

Then the Griffin opened a secret door in the side of the cavern, and the Dog saw a broad path that led at once into the wood. He thanked the Griffin with all his heart, and ran wagging his tail into the open moonlight. "Ah, ah! master Fox," said he, "there's no trap for an honest Dog that has not two doors to it, cunning as you think yourself."

With that he curled his tail gallantly over his left leg, and set off on a long trot to the Cat's house. When he was within sight of it, he stopped to refresh himself by a pool of water, and who should be there but our friend the Magpie.

"And what do *you* want, friend?" said she, rather disdainfully, for the Dog looked somewhat out of case after his journey.

"I am going to see my cousin the Cat," answered he.

"*Your* cousin! marry come up," said the Magpie; "don't you know she is going to be married to Reynard the Fox. This is not a time for her to receive the visits of a brute like you."

These words put the Dog in such a passion, that he very nearly bit the Magpie for her uncivil mode of communicating such bad news. However he curbed his temper, and, without answering her, went at once to the Cat's residence.

The Cat was sitting at the window, and no sooner did the Dog see her than he fairly lost his heart; never had he seen

so charming a Cat before; he advanced, wagging his tail, and with his most insinuating air; when the Cat, getting up, clapped the window in his face—and lo! Reynard the Fox appeared in her stead.

"Come out, thou rascal!" said the Dog, showing his teeth; "come out, I challenge thee to single combat; I have not forgiven thy malice, and thou seest that I am no longer shut up in the cave, and unable to punish thee for thy wickedness."

"Go home, silly one;" answered the Fox, sneering; "thou hast no business here, and as for fighting thee—Bah!" Then the Fox left the window and disappeared. But the Dog, thoroughly enraged, scratched lustily at the door, and made such a noise, that presently the Cat herself came to the window.

"How now!" said she, angrily; "what means all this rudeness? who are you, and what do you want at my house?"

"O, my dear cousin," said the Dog, "do not speak so severely; know that I have come here on purpose to pay you a visit; and whatever you do, let me beseech you not to listen to that villain Reynard, you have no conception what a rogue he is!"

"What," said the Cat, blushing, "do you dare to abuse your betters in this fashion. I see you have a design on me. Go, this instant, or——"

"Enough, Madam;" said the Dog, proudly; "you need not speak twice to me—farewell."

And he turned away very slowly, and went under a tree, where he took up his lodgings for the night. But the next morning there was an amazing commotion in the neighbourhood; a stranger, of a very different style of travelling from that of the Dog, had arrived at the dead of the night, and fixed his abode in a large cavern, hollowed out of a steep rock. The noise he had made in flying through the air was so great, that it had awakened every bird and beast in the parish; and Reynard, whose bad conscience never suffered him to sleep very soundly, putting his head out of the window, perceived, to his great alarm, that the stranger was nothing less than a monstrous Griffin.

Now the Griffins are the richest beasts in the world; and that's the reason they keep so close under ground. Whenever it does happen that they pay a visit above, it is not a thing to be easily forgotten.

The Magpie was all agitation,—what could the Griffin possibly want there. She resolved to take a peep at the cavern, and accordingly she hopped timorously up the rock, and pretended to be picking up sticks for her nest.

"Hollo, Ma'am," cried a very rough voice, and she saw the Griffin putting his head out of the cavern. "Hollo, you are the very lady I want to see; you know all the people about here—eh?"

"All the best company, your Lordship, I certainly do," answered the Magpie, dropping a curtsey.

Upon this the Griffin walked out; and smoking his pipe leisurely in the open air, in order to set the Pie at her ease, continued—

"Are there any respectable beasts of good family settled in this neighbourhood?"

"O most elegant society, I assure your Lordship," cried the Pie. "I have lived here myself these ten years, and the great heiress, the Cat yonder, attracts a vast number of strangers."

"Humph—heiress, indeed! much *you* know about heiresses!" said the Griffin. "There is only one heiress in the world, and that's my daughter."

"Bless me, has your Lordship a family? I beg you a thousand pardons. But I only saw your Lordship's own equipage last night, and did not know you brought any one with you."

"My daughter went first, and was safely lodged before I arrived. She did not disturb you, I dare say, as I did; for she sails along like a swan; but I have the gout in my left claw, and that's the reason I puff and groan so in taking a journey."

"Shall I drop in upon Miss Griffin, and see how she is after her journey?" said the Pie, advancing.

"I thank you, no; I don't intend her to be seen while I stay here, it unsettles her; and I'm afraid of the young beasts running away with her if they once heard how handsome she was; she's the living picture of me, but she's monstrous giddy! Not that I should care much if she did go off with a beast of degree, were I not obliged to pay her portion, which is prodigious, and I don't like parting with money, Ma'am, when I've once got it, Ho, ho, ho!"

"You are too witty, my Lord. But if you refused your consent?" said the Pie, anxious to know the whole family history of so grand a seigneur.

"I should have to pay the dowry all the same. It was left her by her uncle the Dragon. But don't let this go any farther."

"Your Lordship may depend on my secrecy. I wish your Lordship a very good morning."

Away flew the Pie, and she did not stop till she got to the Cat's house. The Cat and the Fox were at breakfast, and the Fox had his paw on his heart. "Beautiful scene!" cried the Pie; the Cat coloured, and bade the Pie take a seat.

Then off went the Pie's tongue, glib, glib, glib, chatter, chatter, chatter. She related to them the whole story of the Griffin and his daughter, and a great deal more beside, that the Griffin had never told her.

The Cat listened attentively. Another young heiress in the neighbourhood might be a formidable rival. "But is the Griffiness handsome?" said she.

"Handsome!" cried the Pie; "oh! if you could have seen the father!—such a mouth, such eyes, such a complexion, and he declares she's the living picture of himself! But what do you say, Mr. Reynard; you, who have been so much in the world, have, perhaps, seen the young lady?"

"Why, I can't say I have," answered the Fox, waking from a reverie; "but she must be wonderfully rich. I dare say that fool, the Dog, will be making up to her."

"Ah! by the way," said the Pie, "what a fuss he made at your door yesterday; why would not you admit him, my dear?"

"Oh!" said the Cat, demurely, "Mr. Reynard says that he is a Dog of very bad character, quite a fortune-hunter; and hiding the most dangerous disposition to bite under an appearance of good nature. I hope he won't be quarrelsome with you, dear Reynard."

"With me! O the poor wretch, no!—he might bluster a little; but he knows that if I'm once angry I'm a devil at biting;—but one should not boast of one's self."

From the Pilgrims of the Rhine.—[*To be continued.*]

Singular Atmospheric Phenomenon.—The singular atmospheric phenomenon, known by the name of "*looming*," was witnessed in a rare degree at Oswego, lately, and was attended with some remarkable and pleasing effects. Distant objects upon the lakes, which are far below the horizon, became distinctly visible. It is not an unusual thing in easterly weather for the Galloo Islands, at thirty miles distance, to loom up and come into sight. On Sunday, the 14th of May, they were not only very plainly in sight, but seemed to have diminished their distance one half. The Ducks and Pigeon Isles, which are some forty miles off, and which are rarely seen, were in plain view. But what is still more wonderful, the whole Canadian shore from Point Peter in the Kingston Passage, and the entrance into the St. Lawrence was visible. With a telescope the whole loomed up in view.—TRAVELS IN AMERICA.